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CAPTAIN AMERICA

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New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

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Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City State

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frame with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1324, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Given

Your Choice of Valuable **GIFTS** OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.

CAMERA
Candid type.
GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month. **GIVEN** for selling as few as 5 boxes. A Good Luck Gift.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit, Pistol and Holster. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

Give hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

1-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Pull out leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling as few as 5 boxes.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil set. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring back more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-529, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State Gift Wanted

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-529, Jefferson, Iowa

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Who can estimate the power of man's mind??
What hope is left when a whole country
suddenly becomes obsessed by one consuming
idea---a thought so horrible that it can drive a
distracted nation INSANE WITH FEAR???
This is the unusual story of a man who
delved into the depths of his twisted mind to
create a force so evil, so gruesome that
even CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY
despair of ever checking its bloodthirsty
career! PRESENTING--

THE
CASE
OF
THE
TELEPATHIC
TYPEWRITER

CAPTAIN
AMERICA

STATION WMGP - THE PROGRAM DIRECTOR'S OFFICE ...

"I WANT A HORROR SERIAL, SLAKE. WRITE A VILLAIN FOR ME WHO WILL ECLIPSE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER! ABOVE ALL, PEOPLE MUST BELIEVE IN HIM... HE MUST BE REAL!"

YOU'LL GET YOUR CHARACTER!

FOR FIVE DAYS AND NIGHTS, IN HIS MOUNTAIN STUDIO, AUTHOR SLAKE WORKS AT A MADMAN'S PACE ...!

BEST CHARACTERIZATION I EVER DID! MY MONSTER HAS FRUSTRATIONS, LONGINGS! I'LL CALL HIM 'AM!'--THE MONSTER WITH A SOUL!

EVERNIGHT THIS FICTIONAL CHARACTER BECOMES AS REAL AS SHERLOCK HOLMES! EVERYBODY WHO OWNS A RADIO LISTENS TO HIS HORRIFYING EXPLOITS WITH A SHUDDERY THRILL!

"OH...IT'S AM! HE'S COMING CLOSER...CLOSER!"

G-GOLLY!

MY GOODNESS!

AM! HE CAUSES THOSE WHO DON'T OWN RADIOS TO CROWD ROUND RADIO-STORE AMPLIFIERS...

"AM! DON'T! YOU'RE CHOKING ME... AGHH!"

I SURE WOULDN'T WANNA MEET DAT AM GUY IN A DARK ALLEY!

ACE RADIO

AM! HE BECOMES SO RENOWNED THAT RADIO COMEDIANS ABANDON CORNY JOKES TO GAG ABOUT HIM!

"MILTON, DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M UGLY?"

YOU MOST CERTAINLY AM!

AM! HIS RADIO SERIAL BUILDS TOWARD AN EXCITING EPISODE! PUBLIC INTEREST RUNS HIGH! WHAT WILL AM DO NEXT?

SAY, JOE, HOW ABOUT SKIPPING OUR BOWLING TONIGHT?

OKAY! I DON'T WANT TO MISS TONIGHT'S EPISODE EITHER!

AND THEN COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CONCENTRATE ON A.M....ALL THEIR THOUGHTS FOCUSING AS IF FROM ONE COLOSSAL BRAIN, FUSING INTO ONE CRACKLING WAVE OF ENERGY THAT BUILDS UP A MENTAL IMAGE OF A.M., THE HORRIBLE!

AND NOW WE BRING
YOU THE AMAZING--A.M.!

THE TERRIFIC TENSION MOUNTS AS THE STUDIO AUDIENCE TURNS EXPECTANTLY FOR THE ENTRANCE OF THE ACTOR WHO IS THE RADIO VOICE OF A.M....!

"OH, KENNETH...
DO YOU HEAR IT?
THOSE FOOTSTEPS!"

HE'S
COMING!
A.M. IS
COMING!

SUDDENLY! THE CURTAINS PART ---
AND A MONSTROUS FIGURE APPEARS!

A.M.
IS
HERE!

FOR ONE BREATHTAKING INSTANT EVERY-
ONE IS STUNNED ... STARING WITH DISBELIEF ...!

IT.. IT CANT BE! IT'S
A... A... GAS ...

YES... A JOKE! ... CARLETON
HAS PUT ON THAT MAKEUP TO
SCARE US

LOOK! IT-IT'S
GOT CARLETON!

EEEEEE!

IT'S AM!
HE'S COME
TO LIFE!

AM!

AM!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THIS
MUST BE ANOTHER OF
THOSE REALISTIC SCARE
PROGRAMS!

TELEPHONE CALLS
SWAMP THE STATION
SWITCHBOARD!

AN ALERT RADIO
ANNOUNCER SEIZES THE MICROPHONE!
THE TERRIBLE WORDS ROCK A NATION!

SOMEHOW... SOME WAY AM
HAS COME TO LIFE! HE'S ALIVE!
AM IS RUNNING AMUCK!

YES, MADAM.
AM... IS ALIVE!

YES, SIR... IT'S TRUE

NO, MADAM -
ORSON BELLES
IS NOT TO
BLAME FOR
AM!



AND AT THE HOME OF STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY...

THAT'S NO SOUND EFFECTS MAN ON A RAMPAGE!

SOUNDS REAL ENOUGH! COME ON, CAP - WE'RE ALL SET!

AM HAS SMASHED THROUGH THE STUDIO WALLS! AMID THE SCREAMING I CAN HEAR POLICE SIRENS...

WAM A WAM A WAM
EEEEEE! WAGH! WAM

MEANWHILE, AM SMASHES A DESTRUCTIVE PATH TO THE STREET, WHERE HE SEIZES UPON A LUCKLESS GIRL!

THEN, AS HIS HUGE FINGERS CLOSE CONVULSIVELY ON THE GIRL'S THROAT...



KILL!
KILL!

NO!
HELP!
HELP!



OH! THAT FACE...
HOW HORRIBLE!
OHNNNN...

SHE IS SO...
SO BEAUTIFUL!
AM DOES NOT
WANT TO KILL
HER!



THE POLICE! THEY
COME FOR AM!
AM MUST GO...

THANK HEAVEN!
SOB! HE'S LET
ME GO... SOB!



AND AS AM STAVES OFF THE POLICE, INTO THE MELEE HURTLE - CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!!!

WOW! ARE WE
GOING TO TACKLE
THAT?

JUST CLOSE
YOUR EYES.
TAKE A
DEEP BREATH...



MILES AWAY, IN HIS ISOLATED MOUNTAIN STUDIO, ALLEN SLAKE LISTENS WITH A STRANGE ELATION...

WHIS ANXIETY, SLAKE'S FINGERS NERVOUSLY PLAY OVER THE TYPEWRITER, UNCONSCIOUSLY TAPPING OUT INSTRUCTIONS...

...ANOTHER POLICE CAR DRAWS UP AS CAPTAIN AMERICA STRUGGLES IN AM'S GRIP!

AM... MY CREATION! I MADE HIM! NO OTHER AUTHOR HAS EVER CREATED A CHARACTER SO REAL HE COMES TO LIFE!



POLICE ARE CIRCLING AM...

CAREFUL, AM. DON'T GET YOURSELF KILLED AFTER YOUR SENSATIONAL BIRTH.. AM HOLDS UP CAPTAIN AMERICA AS A SHIELD!



OH-OH.. AM IS HOLDING UP CAPTAIN AMERICA AS A SHIELD!

WHAT?!! WHY, THAT'S WHAT I JUST TYPED OUT ON THIS PAGE!

AM IS HOLDING UP CAPTAIN AMERICA AS A SHIELD...



A WILD THOUGHT RACES THROUGH SLAKE'S BRAIN! EYES GLOWING STRANGELY, HE TYPES A SENTENCE, AND STOPS!

AM HURLS CAPTAIN AMERICA AT THE POLICE



AM HAS JUST HURLED CAPTAIN AMERICA AT THE KNOT OF POLICE!

IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE! THE TYPEWRITER THAT CREATED AM CAN CONTROL HIM!



WITH THESE FINGERS I CAN CONTROL AM! NO MORE STORY DEADLINES FOR ME.. NO MORE WORRYING ABOUT PLOTS! THROUGH AM I CAN HAVE WEALTH... POWER!





EVERISHLY SLAKE TYPES AGAIN AND-AM OBEYS!

HEY!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!



DESPITE HIS VAST SIZE, AM DISAPPEARS IN THE NIGHT!

AM... A STORY CHARACTER... ALIVE! BUT HOW?

I'VE A THEORY! SLAKE'S STORIES MADE AM SEEM SO REAL, THAT THE THOUGHT WAVES OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE BELIEVING IN AM ACTUALLY BROUGHT AM TO LIFE!

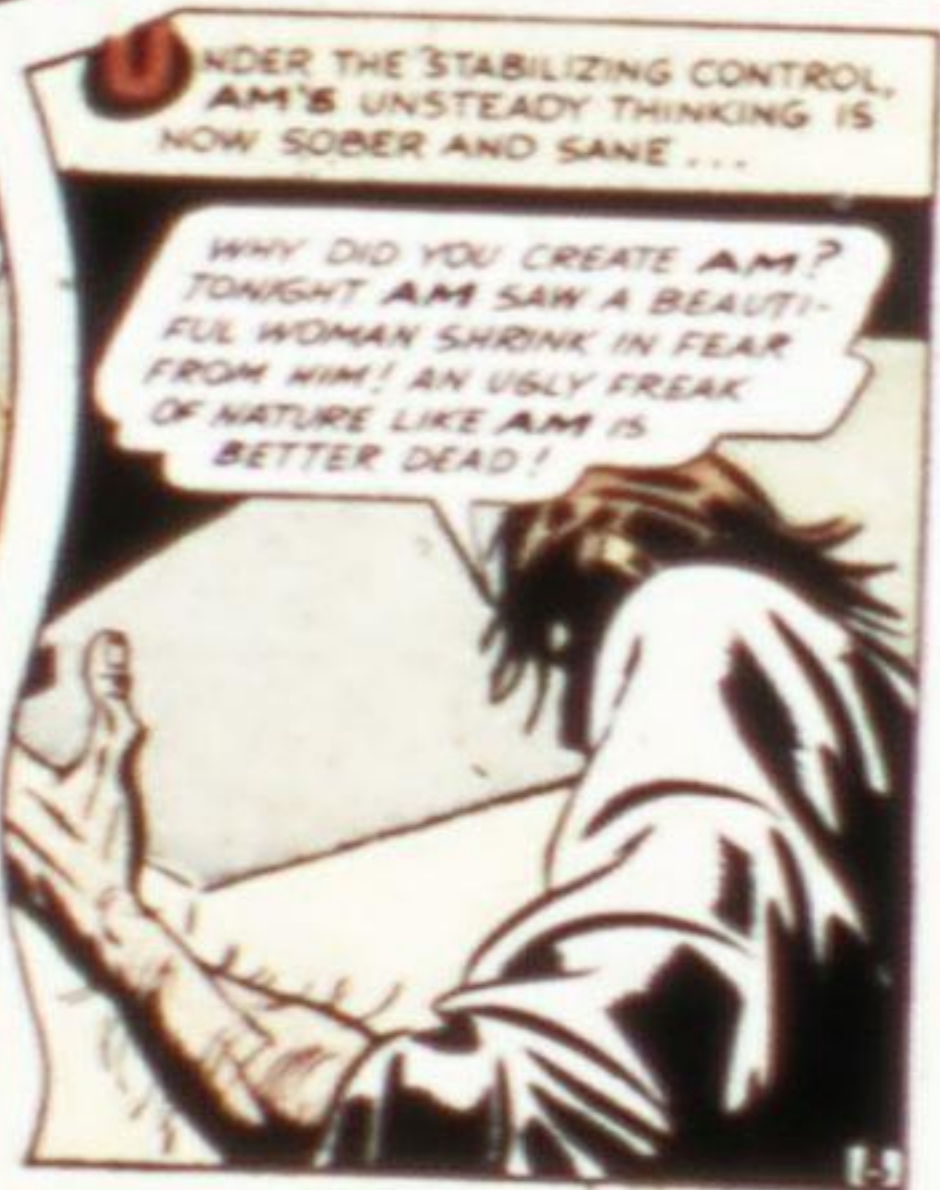


SCIENTISTS HAVE PROVED THAT THE BRAIN SENDS OUT ENERGY WAVES OF THOUGHT! TONIGHT, ALL THE CONCENTRATED THOUGHT ENERGIES OF THE LISTENING AUDIENCE CREATED SOMETHING PHYSICAL-AM!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER, SLAKE'S DOOR OPENS --

AM! YOU SEE? WITH MY INSTRUCTIONS, YOU ESCAPED! COME IN! I AM SLAKE, YOUR MASTER!



UNDER THE STABILIZING CONTROL, AM'S UNSTEADY THINKING IS NOW SOBER AND SANE...

WHY DID YOU CREATE AM? TONIGHT AM SAW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SHRINK IN FEAR FROM HIM! AN UGLY FREAK OF NATURE LIKE AM IS BETTER DEAD!

PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE BETTER DEAD FOR CREATING AM! IT WOULD BE EASY... AM IS SO BIG... YOU ARE SO SMALL...

ONE HOUR LATER, AT A NEARBY MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY, A SCIENTIST DIES!

THE MASTER... HAS ORDERED AM... TO KILL YOU!

AM HALTS! SLAKE IS HIS MASTER! AM OBEYS HIM!

BUT AS THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD SLAKE, THE AUTHOR'S TYPEWRITTEN COMMANDS STOP HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

THE NEXT DAY, POLICE SIRENS LEAD CAP AND BUCKY TO A CHAOTIC SCENE!

LOOK! BIG BOYS ON THE MARCH AGAIN!

LET'S TRY TO MAKE THAT HIS FUNERAL MARCH!

AND AGAIN AM OBEYS THE CONTROLLING WORDS OF SLAKE'S TELEPATHIC TYPEWRITER!

AM pushes over police car!

BUT THERE'S NO RADIO ANNOUNCER HERE FOR A SPOT BROADCAST! HOW CAN SLAKE KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING?

THE ANSWER -- THE OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE THAT CAN SEE COUNTLESS DISTANCES! BY TILTING IT DOWN AND WITH THE OBSERVATORY STRUCTURE REVOLVING ON ITS GYRO-CASTERS, SLAKE CAN LOOK AT ANY POINT IN THE CITY!

CAPTAIN AMERICA -- INTERFERING AGAIN! HE MUST BE PUT OUT OF THE WAY! THE BOY DOESN'T MATTER!

AM falls CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY with the police car fender...

BOH!

LATER

ALLEN SLAKE--THE WRITER! SO YOU'RE THE BRAINS BEHIND BIG BOY!

YES! ME...AND MY TELEPATHIC TYPEWRITER! YOU SEE I'VE PLANNED WELL!

SEIZING CAP, AM ESCAPES. RACING THROUGH AN ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T PLAN ON MY GETTING UP AFTER AM'S CLOUT AND FOLLOWING HIM HERE!

BUCKY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BUCKY'S SCOUT KNIFE FLASHES DOWN-
WARD ... AND CAPTAIN AMERICA IS LOOSE!

OOF! I THINK I'D DO BETTER
TRYING TO KAYO A WHALE!
THIS BOY'S TOUGH!

WHALE INTO
HIM, CAP!



GOSH, CAP... HE LOOKS BIGGER AND
UGLIER THAN THE LAST TIME WE SAW HIM!

YEAH... HE'S A GROWING BOY!
THIS BATTLE CALLS FOR STRATEGY.
HEAD FOR THAT ELEVATOR!

ELEVATOR
GOING UP!

SO'S HIS
CHIN!

GET THEM AM! OH,
I FORGOT! I'LL HAVE
TO TYPE OUT INSTRUCTIONS!

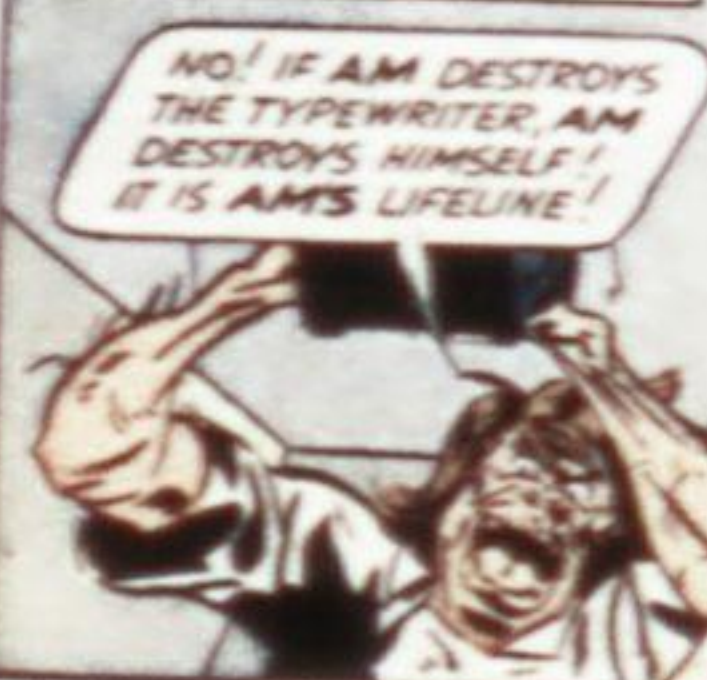
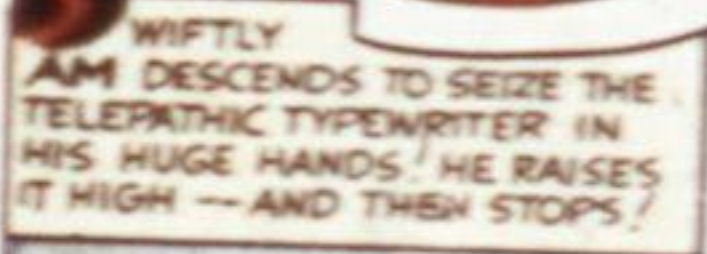


CLIMB, BUCKY
... CLIMB!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!



AM pursues
them
relentlessly...

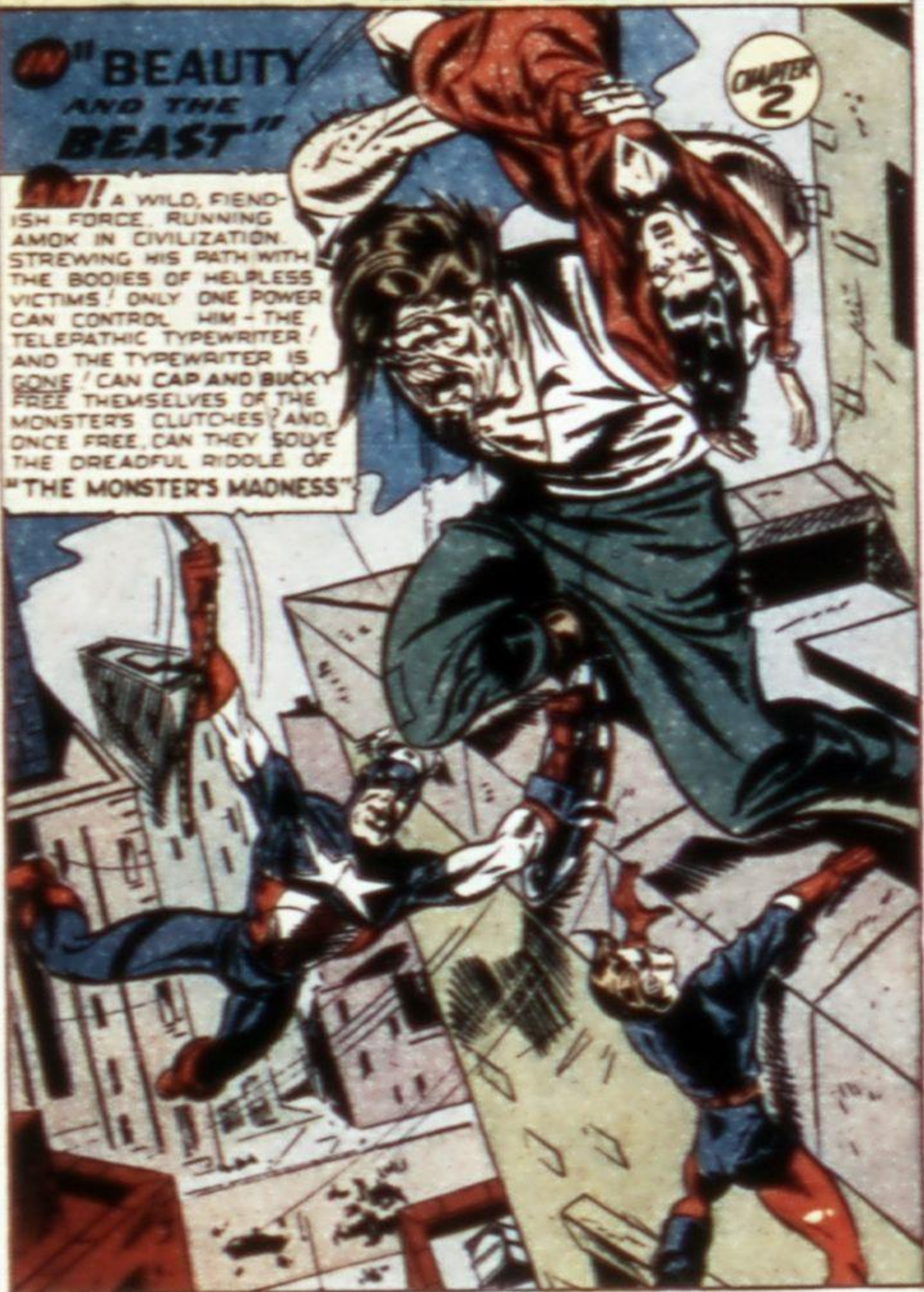


CAPTAIN AMERICA

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

CHAPTER
2

WHY! A WILD, FIEND-
ISH FORCE, RUNNING
AMOK IN CIVILIZATION,
STREWING HIS PATH WITH
THE BODIES OF HELPLESS
VICTIMS! ONLY ONE POWER
CAN CONTROL HIM - THE
TELEPATHIC TYPEWRITER!
AND THE TYPEWRITER IS
GONE! CAN CAP AND BUCKY
FREE THEMSELVES OF THE
MONSTER'S CLUTCHES? AND,
ONCE FREE, CAN THEY SOLVE
THE DREADFUL RIDDLE OF
"THE MONSTER'S MADNESS?"



MINUTES PASS... AND BUCKY AND CAP ARE STILL PRISONERS

AM IS PUZZLED! YOU SAID BEFORE AM IS GROWING BIGGER AND UGLIER! WHY DID YOU SAY IT?

BECAUSE IT'S TRUE! TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF IN ONE OF THE TELESCOPE MIRRORS!

YOU DID NOT LIE! AM IS GROWING... AND AM IS EVEN MORE HIDEOUS! AGH! ... AM CANT STAND TO LOOK AT HIMSELF!

WHY?
WHY?

YOU WERE GIVEN LIFE BY THOUGHT WAVES! BECAUSE OF YOUR TERRIBLE RAMPAGES, YOU ARE MORE MONSTROUS IN THE MINDS OF PEOPLE! YOU ARE A LIVING PICTURE OF THEIR THOUGHTS!

YOU... YOU CREATED AM... YOU MADE AM A MONSTER... PEOPLE HATE AM... YOU ARE TO BLAME!

NO... KEEP AWAY!

AM HAS CAUGHT UP WITH SLAKE!

NO!
AGGHHHH!

MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT I'LL BET MY PRESS CARD THERE'S A REASON WHY SLAKE HASN'T TELEPHONED WMGP SINCE AM APPEARED!

MINUTES LATER --- AT SLAKE'S STUDIO CABIN DOWN THE ROAD ---

AM'S LAIR--LIMESTONE CAVERNS...A FITTING FAIRYLAND FOR THIS TALE OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

DON'T...DON'T COME NEAR ME...

AM WON'T HURT YOU! YOU DON'T LIKE AM BECAUSE HE IS UGLY... BUT IT IS NOT AM'S FAULT!

AND TO THE LISTENING GIRL, AM EXPLAINS HOW HE WILL CHANGE BECAUSE OF PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS...

...SO AM WILL GROW UGLIER... AND THAT WILL BE TERRIBLE BECAUSE YOU WILL HATE AM EVEN MORE!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IF IT ONLY WORKS...

LISTEN, AM! IF YOU DID GOOD DEEDS, PEOPLE WOULD THINK WELL OF YOU. THEN YOU'D CHANGE... YOU'D BE HANDSOME!

AND MAYBE YOU'D LOVE AM TOO! WHAT GOOD THINGS CAN AM DO?... SPEAK!

AND YOU SAY AM SHOULD CAPTURE THIS CRIMINAL, JIGGER JONES?

YES! BRING HIM HERE AND YOU COULD MAKE HIM CONFESS!

IF THE POLICE FOLLOW AM BACK, I'LL GET TWO SCOOPS...THE CAPTURE OF JIGGER--AND AM!

LATER....AS CAP AND BUCKY LOPE HOMEWARD, SHOTS BLAST THE NIGHT!

YIPE! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY BEING MURDERED!

AGHHH

AM'S LAIR--LIMESTONE CAVERNS...A FITTING FAIRYLAND FOR THIS TALE OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

DON'T...DON'T COME NEAR ME...

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LATER....AS CAP AND BUCKY LOPE HOMEWARD, SHOTS BLAST THE NIGHT!

YIPE! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY BEING MURDERED!

AGHHH!





THE HECK WITH BIG BOY! CAP NEEDS ME!

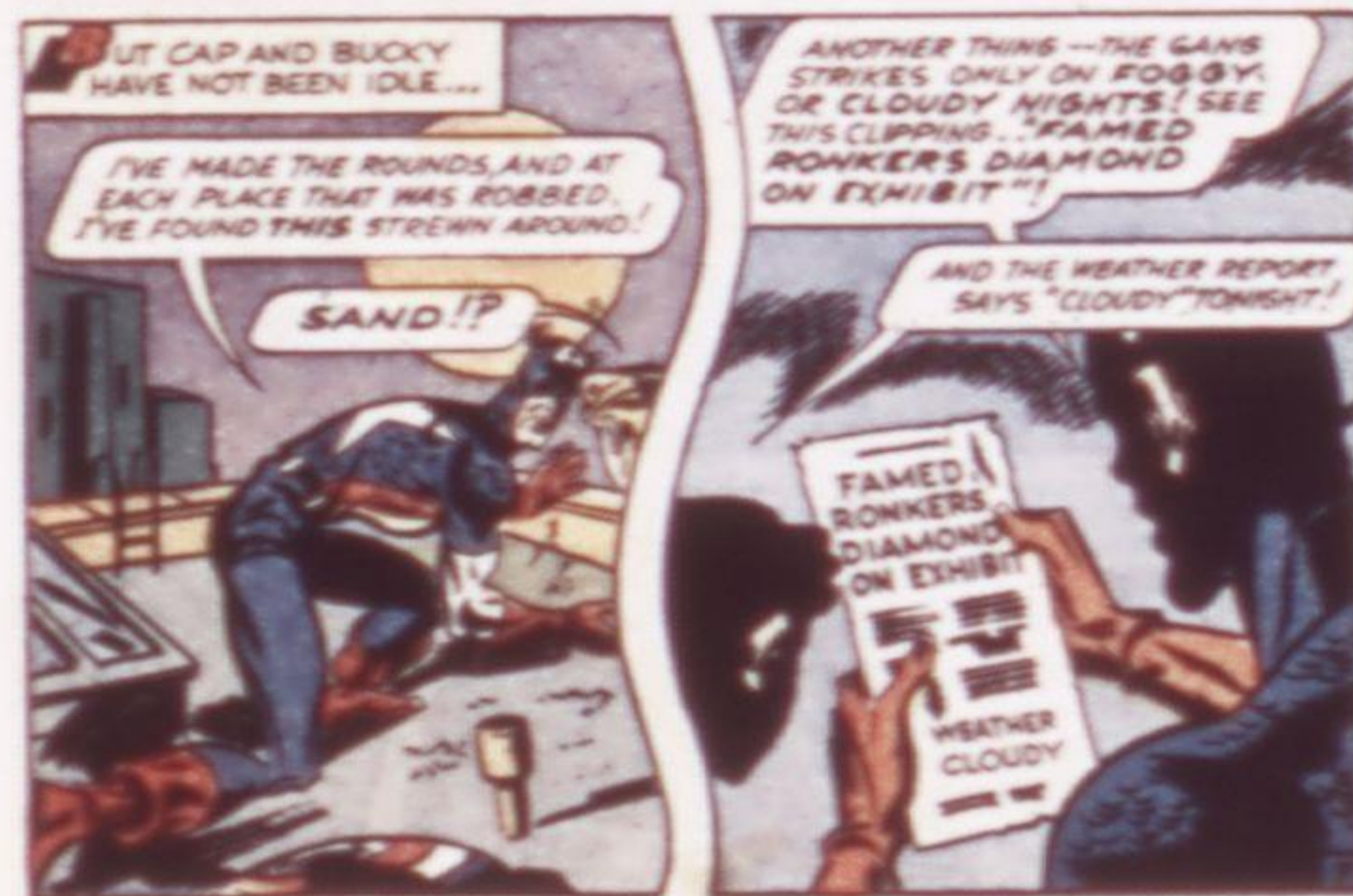


THE POLICE... HE ESCAPED FROM THEM! I'LL NEVER GET AWAY... NEVER...



DE BIG APE'S IN LOVE WID DE DAME! DIS IS MY CHANCE!

HEY, A.M., I KIN TELL YA WHAT MAKES A DAME'S TICKER GO PITTEP-PITTER!



WE BLIMP'S
HANGER!!

A
BLIND

CAP... LOOK... IT'S
THAT GIRL REPORTER!

SH-H!

A.M. BRINGS YOU MORE
GIFTS! YOU LIKE A.M. NOW?

SHE STILL DOES NOT
LIKE A.M.! YOU LIED!

SURE... YA BIG DOPE... I USED YA TO
GET ME AN' MY BOYS A BIG PILE! NOW
WE GOT IT. AN' WE DONT NEED YA NO
MORE! LET 'IM HAVE IT, GUYS!

HUH? SLUGS POURIN' INTO
HIM---AND HE KEEPS ON COMIN'!

LITTLE MAN, YOU
FANNOOT KILL A.M.!

TRUE... FOR A.M. IS THE PRODUCT OF MAN'S
MIND! NOTHING PHYSICAL
CAN DESTROY AN IDEA!

NO AS AM LASHES OUT AGAINST HIS BETRAYERS, CAP AND BUCKY CRAWL CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! OH... THANK HEAVENS!... UNTIE ME, PLEASE...

PSST!

NO... NOT YET! FIRST WE'VE GOT TO BEAT AM! YOU CAN HELP! LISTEN CAREFULLY...

SOON AM RETURNS...

LOOK! BAD MEN ARE DEAD—BUT NOW PEOPLE HATE AM EVEN MORE... AND AM GROWS... UGLIER... MORE FRIGHTFUL!

WAIT! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!

THE TYPEWRITER! I COULD TYPE OUT A NEW DESCRIPTION OF YOU AND MAKE YOU HANDSOME!

YES... WHY DIDN'T AM THINK OF IT BEFORE? AM WILL BRING THE TYPEWRITER!



I... I FEEL SORT OF SORRY FOR A.M.!
BUT PERHAPS THE TYPEWRITER COULD
MAKE A.M. NORMAL?

A.M. WOULD ALWAYS BE A
MONSTER IN THE MINDS OF
PEOPLE! REMEMBER - A.M.
NOT HUMAN! HE'S A MISFIT
OUR WORLD!

LATER, A.M. RETURNS, BRINGING WITH
HIM --- THE TELEPATHIC TYPEWRITER!

NOW... MAKE A.M.
HANDSOME!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT ---
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY CHARGE!



AGAINST THE GROTESQUE BACKGROUND, THE
TITANTIC STRUGGLE SEEMS A WILD NIGHTMARE!

GO AHEAD, SOB-SISTER...
POUND THAT TYPEWRITER!

THE GIRL'S HANDS HOVER
OVER THE KEYS... BUT
ARE RELUCTANT TO
STRIKE...!

I CAN'T DO IT TO HIM...
I JUST CAN'T...

AND WHILE SHE HESITATES, CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY BATTLE FOR THEIR VERY LIVES!

THAT HELPS
BUCKY!



UT AM IS A TOWERING FURY, SMASHING
BACK CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH BLOWS
THAT WOULD KILL A LESSER MAN!

WHAT'S HOLDING UP
THAT SOB-SISTER?

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, BABE--
HIT THAT TYPEWRITER!

OH...
YES...
YES...

THE TELEPATHIC TYPEWRITER
SUDDENLY CLATTERS LIKE A MACHINE-
GUN... ITS INVISIBLE BULLETS ARE TWO
WORDS THAT DEVASTATE THE MIND-
MONSTER!

AM
DIES!



A.M... FORGIVE ME...
I HAD TO DO IT...

A.M UNDERSTANDS! A.M DIES HAPPY NOW...
BECAUSE A.M SEES THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME...
THERE IS NO HATE
IN YOUR EYES!



TOTTERS BACK-THEN, LIKE
A FELLED TREE, HE TOPPLES RIGHT
INTO THE WAITING MOUTH
OF A BOTTOMLESS PIT!

Ohhh!



THIS TYPEWRITER...
SHOULD GO... WITH HIM!





OUR STORY BEGINS IN A DARK ALLEY WHERE A STRANGE FIGURE PROWL'S... HIS OBJECT IS MURDER! WHO IS HE? WHERE DID HE COME FROM? HE CALLS HIMSELF... CAT-MAN!

THIS IS THE HOTEL... AND ROOM 1209 SHOULD BE STRAIGHT UP FROM HERE! TWELVE STORIES... BUT FOR THE CAT-MAN IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER! HA! HA!



JUST AS I CALCULATED! THORNTON KENNEDY, THIS IS YOUR LAST NIGHT!



A-A-AGH!



WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

SAY, TORO! DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR? COME ON! WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



LIKE TWIN COMETS, TORCH AND TORO STREAK TO THE SCENE...

GOSH, IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG BLACK CAT!

BLAZES! THE HUMAN TORCH! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!







THORNTON KENNEDY...
ISN'T HE A PARTNER
IN THE KENNEDY
WILSON STEAMSHIP
LINES?

THAT'S RIGHT... HE'S ONE
OF THE HEALTHIEST
MEN IN AMERICA!
HERE'S HIS HOUSE!



THE BUTLER IS AWAKENED...

MR. KENNEDY-
MURDERED!
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND!

YES, IT'S TRUE!
IS THERE ANYONE
IN MR. KENNEDY'S
FAMILY HE MIGHT
TALK TO?



ONLY PETER BLAKE...
THE ADOPTED SON!
HE HAD AN ENGAGE-
MENT TONIGHT...
DON'T THINK HE'S
HOME YET!

WOULD YOU
MIND SEEING
IF HE IS? THIS
IS A VERY IM-
PORTANT
MATTER!



MOMENTS LATER, PETER BLAKE APPEARS...

I- I'M TERRIBLY
SHOCKED! I WISH I
COULD GIVE YOU SOME
INFORMATION THAT
MIGHT LEAD TO THE
MURDERER, BUT...
I DON'T THINK DAD
HAD AN ENEMY IN
THE WORLD!

HMM... IN THAT
CASE MAY WE
SEE HIS ROOM?
THERE MIGHT BE
PAPERS! THEN
WE'LL BE OFF FOR
A TALK WITH HIS
PARTNER, GEORGE
WILSON!



NO CLUES HERE!
JUST WHAT
DOES PETER
BLAKE DO
FOR A
LIVING?

HE'S MAINLY INTEREST-
ED IN INVENTING! HIS
WORKSHOP IS IN THE
BASEMENT!



WHERE IS HE NOW?
I'D LIKE TO ASK
HIM A FEW
QUESTIONS!

HEY, TORCH...
THAT PIECE OF
PAPER WASN'T
THERE WHEN
WE CAME IN!

THIS HAS MEANT FOR US, BUT
SOMEBODY INTERCEPTED IT!
C'MON, TORO, WE'RE HEADED
FOR GEORGE WILSON'S HOUSE!

WESTERN
UNION

To Human Torch—
Received message of
Thornton's death and
would like to see you
immediately also. Have
important information
which may lead to guilty
person stop.
George Wilson

AGAIN THE FLAMING DUO SOARS...
AND ONE MILE AWAY...

LOOK!
THE CAT
MAN!

WOW! THOSE TWO
AGAIN! I'D BETTER
ACT FAST!

CURSES!!

THIS'LL STOP YOU
FOR A WHILE!

OH!

OH!

NOW I CAN REALLY TAKE
CARE OF THEM!

ONCE I GET THEM INSIDE THE CAR THE REST
WILL BE EASY... I CAN COME BACK,
FOR GEORGE WILSON!

BEFORE THEY WAKE UP I'LL
HAVE THEM SO TIED UP THEY
WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE...
MUCH LESS FLAME!



AT THE KENNEDY ESTATE...

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW HE'LL
TAKE MY PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO
THE BASEMENT WORK SHOP!
HA! HA!

IN THE BASEMENT... SECRET LABORATORY FOR THE
CAT-MAN'S SINISTER DEVICES... TORCH AND
TODD ARE SUBJECTED TO A NEW TREATMENT...

O-OH!

WAKING UP EH? ...A LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO
YOU! YOUR FLAMING CAREER IS BURNT
OUT... PERMANENTLY! YOU ARE NOW
BEING FITTED WITH A SUIT OF ASBESTOS
AND LEAD! HA! HA!



MOMENTS LATER... TWO RISID FORMS ARE READY
FOR THE NEXT AND FINAL STEP...

OH... I CAN'T MOVE!
WHERE AM I?

WHAT TH... I
CAN'T FLAME!

OF COURSE YOU
CAN'T, TORCH!
AND SOON THE
ACID BATH
WILL DESTROY
EVERY TRACE
OF YOU!





WITHIN SECONDS, THEY SEIZE THE CAT-MAN'S FLEEING AUTOMOBILE, AND...



LATER... GEORGE HILSON JOINS THEM AT THE KENNEDY HOUSE...



FUTURE ALLIANCE

NO one at the Trading Post had seen or heard of the dog. But they had heard about Pierre, and Murdock felt a touch of unwilling uneasiness as he drove the dog-team into the white wilderness of the North.

Not that he had ever had occasion to fear anyone before. The knowledge that Pierre, the half-breed, was roaming the frozen fastness of the north, was no real occasion for alarm on Murdock's part. Pierre's record was pretty black and pretty bloody. He was shrewd, crafty, and knew the far north better than most men. He'd been lucky. Some even said he was possessed of supernatural powers and to date, he had completely eluded the Mounted Police.

But Pierre was back. Someone had found old Charlie Michaelson dead in camp. And his catch of furs was gone.

Now Murdock's thought shifted. It was several weeks ago that he had first seen the dog, a shaggy brown brute, who stood almost as high as a husky. It had been little more than a glimpse Murdock had caught, and then the animal vanished into the darkness of evening. But that night, Murdock had awakened to hear the sound of his howling back in the snow-burdened forest. An eerie sound, full of something very much like loneliness.

The following morning Murdock found where the dog had circled the cabin, had finally bedded down in a windfall within sight of the little structure.

In the days that followed, Murdock prompted by something very like the loneliness so rampant in the dog's howl, endeavored to make friends. But Spook, as Murdock finally christened the dog, never allowed

the man to even come within clear sight of him.

Making friends was a tedious job, but Murdock went about it with a stubborn will. The thought of having the dog as a companion appealed to Murdock, as did the new and unusual task of winning Spook over.

At first Murdock left choice bits of food within the fringe of the forest, and a few days later discovered they were gone. He left more and more, each time depositing them nearer the cabin, until at last, they were left right outside the lean-to. And later, it became a nightly habit for Spook to come for his supper.

A little at a time Murdock realized he was winning. A few months, perhaps by the end of the trapping season, he would have made friends with Spook.

Only . . . before that Pierre showed up.

Murdock was coming in from his trap line when he saw Spook. He was standing on a hill top perhaps three hundred yards west, and Murdock watched from the shadows of the forest as the shaggy dog scented the wind.

He staggered suddenly, went forward to his head and chest, then dragged himself to his feet again. A second later Murdock caught the whip-crack of the rifle shot. Murdock dropped his catch hastily behind a spruce tree.

Spook had vanished from the ridge. Murdock moved cautiously ahead. Pierre had arrived, was probably bent upon plunder and murder. But within Murdock was something new. The white hot anger of a man who has seen a friend ruthlessly shot down. He knew he must find Pierre and kill him. Just as he had tried to kill Spook. Had perhaps succeeded.

Although Spook had dragged himself from the ridge and into the forest. It took a while to find where he had crawled into a rocky cavern under a ledge in a gully. When Murdock arrived and peered in, he caught the low growl of warning and knew that Spook was there.

Later that night Murdock returned with food. Again he caught the warning growl from the depths of the cavern, and knew that Spook was still alive.

The following day Murdock reached the cavern where Spook had hidden himself. But this day there was no warning. And when, lighting a pine torch, Murdock crawled a little way in, he saw that Spook was gone. Murdock drew a deep breath of relief. He would cover his trap line today. And starting this afternoon, he would hunt for Pierre.

Afternoon found Murdock far back in the hills. It was growing dark and he made his way back along his trap line, watching carefully for any sign that Pierre might have been here, checking up.

With perhaps a mile to go, Murdock cut across a ridge, started down into the valley below.

It was in the gully that he came upon Pierre, a squat, broad-shouldered man. Evidently headed toward the cabin. For a split second Murdock stopped short, breath caught sharply, heart racing with quickening anger.

Pierre turned swiftly. Instantly he tried to jerk the carbine to his shoulder. But Murdock hurled himself forward, smashing the carbine aside just as it spat sharply. Smoke and powder stung Murdock's eyes. He smashed against the bulky man before him, throwing both to the gully floor.

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You



A simply wonderful collection of wonderfully simple ideas for Christmas gifts for everybody . . . Tricky trinkets—bracelets, necklaces, rings, lapel pins, earrings . . . Enhancing hairbands, combs, barrettes . . . Dandy doo-dads and handy gadgets—cuffs and belts, trays and boxes, sewing kits, waste paper baskets, notepaper, and just heaps of things . . . Delicious, nutritious recipes for cookies and cakes . . . And a joyful jubilee of game plans with fun-darful games and party plans . . . to make this year's celebration the best ever! . . . Make all these gifts yourself, out of tiny bits and pieces . . . Pretty, practical presents for all, at a cost so small it's just nothing at all . . . And all in this "silly notion" Christmas booklet, bright and shiny in a gay holiday wrapping . . . With lifelike colored illustrations to guide you . . . And a special section to let all the stockings you've filled and the gifts you've put into them—a permanent record of everyone you play Santa to in 1945 . . . This festive booklet is published by MISS AMERICA Magazine from the overflow of suggestions from the "Miss America Speaks" column . . . Send for your copy NOW . . . "Here's How For A Merry Christmas" . . . Only 10c . . . Mail your dime TODAY to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. S-E, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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CAPTAIN AMERICA



QUIET NIGHT, EH, MONTMORENCY?

INDUBITABLY, PERCIVAL... INDUBITABLY!

CAN YOU PICTURE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DASHING THROUGH THE WOODS, PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A TREE DWELLER? HERE IS A ROLLICKING TALE OF HUMOR AND HEARTBREAK AS THE TWO FIGHTING FURIES USE EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO KEEP A LONELY AND EMBITTERED OLD MAN FROM LOSING HIS ONE CHANCE AT FAME AND FORTUNE IN

"THE HERMIT'S HERITAGE!!"

HMMM... THAT SMELLS GOOD! WONDER WHERE IT COMES FROM...

RECKON I'LL GO DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK... I'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO ANYWAY!

DEEP IN THE WOODS ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF TOWN DWELLS A LONELY OLD HERMIT, IN A TREETOP...





A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY!

COME--COME --
MONTMORENCY,
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE,
TURKEY OR ROAST
DUCK?

NEITHER, MY
GOOD MAN!

I'LL HAVE SOME OF
THAT STEW! I HAVEN'T
HAD ANY SINCE YESTER-
DAY, YOU KNOW!

EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN,
BUT MAY I JOIN YOU?

PIPE DE
OLD GUY!



"GENTLEMEN, HE CALLS US... CERTAINLY,
CERTAINLY, SIT DOWN! ALWAYS ROOM FOR
ONE MORE, I ALWAYS SAY!

YOU LOOK EVEN WORSE
THAN WE DO! WHERE'D
YOU COME FROM, BUD?



I LIVE UP IN THE TREES
A LITTLE WAYS FROM HERE!
THE SMELL OF YOUR STEW WAS
WHAT ATTRACTED ME... I GET TIRED
OF EATING BERRIES... I CAN'T PAY YOU
WITH MONEY, BUT I CAN GIVE YOU
ONE OF MY STATUES!

STATUES?



YES... I'M HUGO
PERGODY, THE GREAT SCULPTOR!
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, THE CRITICS
LAUGHED AT MY MASTERPIECE AND SAID
I WAS LOSING MY GRIP... SO I CAME OUT
HERE TO THE WOODS
TO FIND PEACE...



YOU THINK I'M CRAZY,
DON'T YOU? I CAN SEE
IT IN YOUR FACES...
YOU'RE JUST LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE, THE
FOOLS!

FORGET IT,
MISTER, WE'RE
YOUR
FRIENDS, SEE?

YEAH,
SURE!







THE EXCITEMENT SUBSIDING, THE HOBOES DECIDE TO JOIN A GROUP BEING GUIDED THROUGH THE GALLERY...

WHAT A VULGAR DISPLAY OF VIOLENCE! CMON, LET'S GO LOOK AT STATUES!

TSK, TSK! SUCH RUFFIANS!



THIS LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS A RARE MASTERPIECE! WHEN IT WAS FIRST DISPLAYED, THE CRITICS LAUGHED AT IT...



BUT AS THE "KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD"
LEAVE THE ART GALLERY...

EXCUSE ME, BOYS,
BUT DO YOU KNOW
THIS MAN, PERGODY?

KNOW 'IM? SURE!!
HE'S A FRIEND
OF OURS!



HE LIVES IN THE WOODS
ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF
TOWN!! IF YOU'RE
THINKING OF VISITING
HIM, I'D ADVISE YOU NOT
TO... HE AIN'T EXACTLY
CRAZY ABOUT COMPANY,
YOU KNOW!

THANKS FOR
THE TIP...
SO LONG!



SO PERGODY'S ALIVE, EH? IF I COULD
GET HIM TO SELL ME THE STATUE BE-
FORE HE FINDS OUT WHAT IT'S REALLY
WORTH, I'D BE THE LEGAL OWNER AND
SITTING PRETTY! I'D BETTER
SEE THE BOYS!

AND A FEW
MINUTES LATER...

SAY, LEFTY, YOU'RE LATE!
WHERE'S THE OTHERS? DID
THEY PULL OFF THE JOB
OKAY?



ARE YOU KIDDING?
THEY MADE A MESS
OF IT... THEY'RE IN
JAIL BY NOW!



BUT FORGET
ABOUT THEM... IT'S
THE LAST TIME I'LL
CASE A JOINT FOR THOSE
LUGS! I'VE GOT OTHER
PLANS AND ARE THEY
GOOD?

GO AHEAD,
LEFTY...
SPILL IT!



THERE'S AN OLD NUT NAMED PERGODY,
WHO LIVES BY HIMSELF IN THE WOODS!
HE OWNS A STATUE THAT'S WORTH A
FORTUNE ONLY HE DOESN'T KNOW IT!
NOW, IF WE WERE TO GET HOLD OF HIM AND...



MEANWHILE...

YOU'VE SOMETHING
ON YOUR MIND, CAP?
WHAT IS IT?

I OVERHEARD THOSE
HOBOES TALKING TO
THAT MAN BACK AT
THE ART GALLERY!

HE SEEMED MIGHTY INTERESTED IN THIS
CHAP. **PERGODY**... IN FACT, TOO INTERESTED!
I'VE A HUNCH HE'S UP TO SOMETHING! WE'D
BETTER GO DOWN TO THE WOODS LATER ON
AND SEE IF EVERYTHING'S OKAY!

THE OLD HERMIT
MIGHTN'T WANT US
BUTTING INTO HIS
AFFAIRS, BUT WE'LL HAVE
TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!

LATER THAT
NIGHT...

OH, HUGO - HUGO
PERGODY! COME ON
DOWN - WE WANT
TO TALK TO YOU!

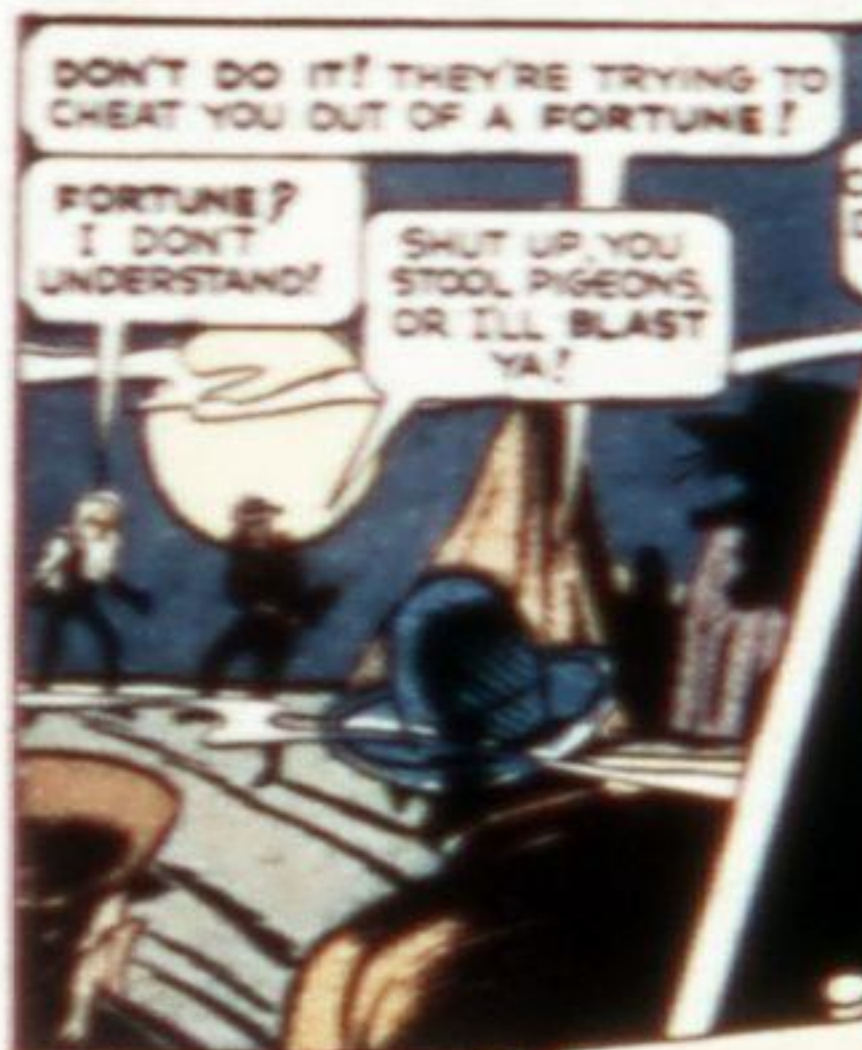
HEY, LOOK! THERE
HE IS... UP IN THAT
TREE!

I WON'T COME DOWN - YOU CAN'T MAKE
ME! I WATCHED YOU GO INTO THE CITY
TODAY... YOU WERE **SPYING** ON ME,
THAT'S WHAT! YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL
THE REST... **LAUGHING** AT ME!

JUST THEN, FROM BEHIND A CLUMP OF TREES...

OKAY, YOU MUGS... ON YOUR WAY! WE WANNA
HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOUR FRIEND
UP THERE!

G-GOSH! YOU
MUST B-BE
G-G-GANGSTERS!









AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want Longer Hair?

MAKE THIS EASY
7-DAY TEST...
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In Latest Styles

*** THEN TRY THIS
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... Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off!

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